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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 30.

LOTTERIES.

They keep the word of promise to the ear,
But break it to the hope.....

THE policy of encouraging lotteries has been disputed by very wise and able politicians. While the evils resulting from them are acknowledged on all hands, sense some have pretended that they were balanced by corresponding advantages, and though productive of some mischief were the sources of considerable benefit.

If we allow in full force the arguments of those, who advocate the system, we shall find causes enough to regret it: we shall find that injury to the manners of the community is to be recompensed by accumulation to the funds of some favoured institution, and that the only effect of a lottery is to open an account current between public morality and wealth.

It is amusing to see the delusion created by its name. Many who would shrink from imposing or encouraging a tax on the community approve the institution of a lottery, although there is no question that a lottery is a tax to the amount granted, and that the money it raises is brought to its destination with much greater loss than any other collected by authority, as it passes through the hands and is commissioned to supply the wants of a numerous class of hungry agents who derive from it their principle support.

But it is a tax paid by the purchasers of tickets; (say the advocates of lotteries) no one takes a ticket unless he chooses; it is therefore perfectly voluntary. That is to say that when the ingenuity of individuals, who have their fortune to make by it, has disposed the money to be received in a pompous arrangement of prizes, when the advantages of the scheme are displayed in every newspaper with unceasing pertinacity, when at every corner you are informed by great-letter sign-boards that here the poor man, the idle, the dissipated may acquire unbounded and interminable wealth, and when the arts, which are thus practised on the credulity and ignorance of the uninformed part of the public, are known to be sanctioned by a legislative act, it is then we are told that the *tax is voluntary!* When every motive is urged to seduce the passions, to increase and inflame the natural cupidity of wealth, the instinctive avarice that marks human nature, when the judgment is perverted and the mind assailed by every art that cunning exerts over simplicity, and every sophism with which genius puzzles truth; then indeed there

is audacity enough left to support the position that the purchase of the ticket was a voluntary act, that the purchaser was at perfect liberty to buy it or not at his option. Liberty indeed! Very much like that which the juggler gives you to draw any card in the pack, himself holding them in such position that you are sure to draw the card he has chosen.

If the injury which frequent lotteries occasioned was confined to the mere purchase of a ticket by men who were deluded into the speculation, if only a few families were deprived of their dinner and a few children kept without schooling, and with ragged cloaths by the extravagance of their parents in buying a ticket, when they ought to have bought them these necessaries of life, there would be no great reason to complain; the evil would bring with it, its own cure and experience would soon teach the lesson, which wisdom had refused.

But the habit of trusting to fortuitous occurrences for that wealth which labour and industry ought to furnish, changes the mind from these regular and slow pursuits, and generates a love of play, a desire of gambling, a disregard to industry, and produces in a greater or less degree all those vices which result from such a disposition.—Let not those of our readers who move in the higher circles of society, who are surrounded by wealth and intelligence, deny the positions we have stated, because the examples of them are not within their own observation. It is in that grade of society were there is but little information, where hope triumphs over prudence, and cupidity defeats calculation, that the immortality, the relaxation of manners and the meaner vices of mankind result from this lottery system of deceptive gambling.

"From gaming," says an eloquent orator in the British parliament. "From gaming, the people should be dissuaded by instruction, withdrawn by example, and deterred by punishment. To game whether with or without good fortune, should be made ignominious; he that grows rich by it ought to be deemed as a robber, and he that is impoverished as a murderer of himself.... And what is a lottery but a game? The persons, who risque their money in lotteries, are I believe for the most part needy or extravagant; those whom misery makes adventurers, or expense makes greedy. And of these the needy are often ruined by their loss, and the luxurious by their gain. He, whose little trade, industriously pursued, would find bread for his family, diminishes his stock to buy a ticket, and waits with impatience for the hour which shall determine his lot; a blank destroys all his hopes, and he sinks at once into negligence and idleness. The spendthrift, if he miscarries, is not reclaimed; but if he succeeds, is confirmed in his extravagance, by finding that his wants, however multiplied, may be so easily supplied. It is universally allowed that reward should be given only to merit, and that as far as human power can provide, every man's condition should be regulated by his merit. This is the great end of established government, which lotteries seem purposely contrived to counteract. In a lottery the good and bad, the worthless and the valuable, the stupid and the wise, have all the same chance of profit. That wealth which ought only to be the reward of honest industry, will fall to the lot of the drone, whose whole merit is to pay his stake, and dream of his ticket."

Let it be asked how often the profits of a successful ticket have

been advantageous to their possessor? Sometimes indeed, it is said that fortune, removing the bandage from her eyes, has directed her favours to the cottage of penurious labour, to the assistance of youth and enterprize, or to the relief of suffering poverty. It is probable that this may be the case.—But there is something in the sudden acquisition of wealth, that unbalances the mind, opens to it scenes that had never been contemplated, and oftener ruins the prospects society might entertain in the future eminence of a promising member, than gives a new votary to virtue, a new friend to morality, or a new disciple to science. That which is acquired without labour is generally wasted without thought, and wealth when it comes unexpectedly is apt to be magnified by the eye to a size, which no prodigality could diminish, no extravagance destroy.

The subject will be pursued next week. enough. E.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

LORD THURLOW.

[*Whoever presides in the highest tribunal of English jurisprudence fills so large a space in the public eye as to render a memoir of his life desirable and interesting. Perhaps no man ever rose to that august situation under circumstances more singular than the late Chancellor* THURLOW, *whose early confidence in his own talents was so great that one of his biographers relates, that at school he repeatedly declared to his friends he would one day be Chancellor of England. The Political cast of the times has caused the character of Lord* THURLOW *to be represented under various lights, and we have, in reading his biography, to make allowance for the prejudices or the partialities of the partizan who wrote it. The subsequent account was written during his life, and certainly is to be esteemed as a piece of elegant composition: it gives us a knowledge of the man, and is probably a correct, if not flattering likeness.*]

EDWARD THURLOW is said to have derived his descent from the famous secretary of that name to Oliver Cromwell. His father was an obscure clergyman, possessed of an inconsiderable living at Ashfield, in Suffolk. It is a saying of him, upon record, that he could give his children nothing more than education, and that Ned would fight his way in the world. This fortunate son, however discovered no very early proofs of distinguished genius, but possessed, even in infancy, the assumed manners of the man, and was haughty, presuming, churlish, and overbearing. At the usual period, he was admitted of Peterhouse, Cambridge, where the hopes entertained of his future progress in life were far from being sanguine; his general deportment was rude and boisterous, little calculated (says one of his biographers) to conciliate the respect of the world, and apparently without any wish to obtain it. The early part of his life was marked with many irregularies, exceeding even the bounds of the most dissipated of the day: his difficulties were of course, great, and he is remembered to have extricated himself with great address and wonderful confidence. His natural powers were always viewed with respect, to which indeed they were intitled. Devoted to a life of pleasure and dissipation, report imputed to him not only a contempt of literature, but almost a total neglect of it, at least a degree of indolence in the pursuit, inconsistent with the attainments of even necessary knowledge; but common fame in this instance added nothing to her reputation for veracity; his lordship was an admirable classical scholar, and attained his knowledge by the only means knowledge is accessible—study and application. He differed from others only in the mode of acquiring it. He who was every where seen the picture of indolence, lolling on the noon-day bench, and considered, almost as the fixture of a coffee-house in the day, regularly retired to the most intense application at night.

"————His learned toil
"O'er books consum'd the midnight oil."

From Cambridge he removed to the Inner Temple, where the same apparent indolence of temper and disposition marked his conduct.

He attended the bar several years unnoticed and unknown. The first cause in which he is said to have distinguished himself, was that between Luke Robinson and Lord Winchelsea, which at once gave him reputation and business. He was soon after pitched upon as managing counsel in the great Douglas Cause, in which he discovered ability and address. It was always his aim, in practice, to give his oratorical productions more the air of genius than industry, and they often carried the appearance of spontaneous effusion, although the effort of much premeditation and previous labour.

His arrival at professional honours was first announced in 1762, when he was appointed king's counsel, thus emerging at once from legal obscurity, his abilities being so little known as a barrister, that the appointment excited universal astonishment. Impelled by the most restless ardour, he rushed intrepidly, and almost immediately, to the summit of legal fame; for in the year 1770, we find him advanced, under the patronage of the house of Bedford, to the post of Solicitor General, on the resignation of Mr. Dunning; and succeeding Sir William de Grey as Attorney General in 1771.

He was twice elected into parliament for the borough of Stafford.—

In times less favourable to genius and freedom, the haughty barons and still more haughty bishops, administered justice to their trembling vassals. Nobility and priesthood were the only criterions of merit, and high birth and the ecclesiastical tonsure seem to have assumed a prescriptive right over the noble science of jurisprudence.—In this more liberal age, hereditary pretensions are forced to give way to personal worth, while the fortuitous advantages arising from fortune and descent, maintain but a feeble competition with the noble endowments of the mind. This position is no where better illustrated than in the profession of the law, as several of its members, unsupported by any other claim than those of their own merit and abilities, have, during the present century, ennobled themselves and their posterity.

Let it be recorded, to their honour, that within this period, two of the greatest characters in this kingdom have risen from the desks of attornies; while, if we believe common report, a third may be literally said to have jumped from the loom to the woolsack.

Edward Thurlow, the son of a manufacturer of the city of Norwich, like his great predecessors Somers and Hardwicke, bursting from obscurity by the strength of his own genius, like them too overcame the obstacles of birth and fortune, and suddenly rose to the first honours of his profession. The finger of the House of Bedford pointed the road to preferment; and at a time when his cotemporaries were struggling with mediocrity, and a stuff gown, the silken robes of king's counsel, and the patronage of that illustrious family, inspired him with no common ambition. The powers of his mind expanding with his hopes, the high offices of Solicitor and Attorney-general, which bound the views of some men, seemed to him but as legal apprenticeships, imposed by custom, before he could attain to that dignity, which was to give him precedence of every lay-subject in the kingdom, not of the blood royal.

The people beheld with pleasure a man suddenly emerging from among themselves, and enjoying the highest offices of the state; his triumph seemed to be their own. It flattered their passion to see plebeian merit coping with aristocratical pride and united, but acknowledged worth, conferring, by its participation, lustre on degenerate nobility. When they saw him, too, supporting his newly acquired honours with a dignity which they imagined had only appertained to hereditary grandeur, and beheld him in his contest with the head of the house of Grafton, stating his own merits in competition with ducal honours, and weighing the fair claims of genius and learning, in opposing the meretricious, though royal descent, every good citizen partook of his honest pride, and participated in his victory.

Seated on the Chancery bench, the eyes of mankind were fixed upon him. The iron days of equity were thought to be passed; and it was fondly expected, that the epoch of his advancement would be the commencement of a golden age. The nation felt that they had

long groaned under the dominion of their own chancellors. The slowness of their proceedings had mouldered insensibly away, in the pleadings of two centuries, some of the fairest fortunes in the kingdom; and the subtilties of the civil law had involved, in the voluminous mazes of the Chancery bill, rights and claims, which the municipal courts would have immediately recognized. *(To be continued.)*

For the Emerald.

"LE JOURNAL DE GOURMANDS"—THE GLUTTONS' JOURNAL.

A periodical work with this singular title has lately appeared at Paris, and is said to have become popular. The French are fond of epicurism and would favour whatever has connexion with the culinary art. It details some curious particulars of voracity and great eating. One number contains a dissertation on the question "Is it a virtue to be sober." The author, who subscribes himself Gasterman, and who (says the Monthly Magazine) neither falsifies either his name or his employment, sustains the negative, and observes, "that in all probability, the apostles of sobriety are only such men as possess no appetite for drinking."

"We ought however," adds he, "to distrust their declamations: for an empty stomach produces an empty brain; and it might be said of it with more reason than La Rochefoucault says of the heart: 'Les bonnes pensees viennent de l'estomac.'

"I maintain, moreover, that those only possess good qualities, who digest well, and easily. 'Bon convive, bon compagnon a table, et homme aimable," are perhaps the only synonimes in the French language. The table is a place for love and unison; one never talks well about business except it be at table. Can any thing be more tender than a toper? more liberal than a joyous guest? "Distrust sober people," says J. J. Rousseau. Henry IV. wished 'that all his subjects might be enabled to *put a fowl into the pot*;' and do not the grand epochs of our religion also recal the pleasures of feasting? The circumcision is consecrated to *bonbons* and sweetmeats, the Epiphany to cakes, Easter to lambs, and St. Martin to fat geese.

"When it was said 'Increase and multiply,' this clearly meant, 'Eat and drink.' To eat and drink, then, is not merely a command, but a law of nature; for there can be no virtues contrary to the laws and the necessities of nature. *Quod erat probandum.*"

There is certainly more gaiety than reason in this method of sustaining a paradox; but we ought to recollect (says the Monthly Mag.) that it is a *gourmand* who combats *pro aris & focis.*

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

THE VILLAGE OF BORT.

Marmontel describes the situation of his native town in the following beautiful and picturesque manner.

"Bort, seated on the Dordogne, between Auvergne and Limosin, presents a fearful picture to the first view of the traveller. It is seated at the bottom of a mountain which, at a distance, appears to hang over it, and threaten it with impending annihilation. A chain of craggy rocks, like so many watch towers, command the town. But upon the entrance into the valley the aspect of Bort is gay and cheering. This

green and woody island lies in the midst of the river a little beyond the town. It is filled with birds, and further animated by the unceasing motion and noise of a mill. On the banks of the river orchards, meadows, and corn-fields, cultivated by a labouring peasantry, form the most picturesque landscapes. In the recess of the mountains is situated the little farm of St. Thomas, the lands of my father, where I used to read Virgil under the shade of the trees which surrounded our beehives. On the other side of the town, beyond the mill, and on the slope of the mountain, was a garden, where, on welcome holidays, my father used to lead me to gather grapes from the vines he had planted, or apples, plumbs, and cherries, from the trees he had grafted. The charm of my native village is, indeed, involved with the impression never to be erased from my mind of the inexpressible tenderness of my parents. If I have any kindness in character, I am persuaded I owe it to these gentle emotions,—to the habitual happiness of loving and being beloved. What a gift do we receive from Heaven in kind and affectionate parents.

THUCIDIDES AND LIVY CRITICISED.

Two eminent objections lie against the historical narration of both these illustrious ancient writers. The former, by his long speeches, gives an air of romance to his history. The latter by an omission of dates, diminishes the authority of his relations. Nothing more discredits the ancient historians, than their artificial orations in the mouths of their characters, a practice derogatory from the simplicity of naked truth, and plain narrative: with respect to dating events, the ancient writers considered this circumstance as burthensome to the tenor of narration: nor were they more industrious and exact in quoting the authors on whom they rested their authorities, but seemed desirous that posterity should give implicit confidence to their own.

SPRING.

Perhaps the following lines by Armstrong, never so well applied, to an American spring, as to the present. Be this as it may, our readers will *now* fully enter into the spirit of the extract.

Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful east
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs and skies serene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O disolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: Give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North;
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; *not mix in every monstrous day.*

(Art of preserving Health.)

Thoughts are the buds of the mind, and words the blossoms of their desires, and deeds the fruits of their event: and therefore he that will not suffer ill thoughts to fructify, must crop them in the bud.

THE DYING CHILD.

THE taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awaked from a momentary slumber, to renew her anguish: she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly moving in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short, deep breath of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment when a sigh or a struggle should announce, that hope and life had together taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation: it was the expiring innocent's favourite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care, and, as the sad presage of his fate, it now expired! The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distresses, the candle ceased to burn,—the father seized his infant's hand,—the mother felt for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold.

WIT.

HE who sacrifices religion to wit, like the people mentioned by Ælian, worships a fly, and offers up an ox to it.—Wit, like salt should excite an appetite, not provoke disgust; cleanse wounds, or create them: it is to be used to recommend and preserve that which is sound, not to be thrown away upon that which is already rotten.

WISDOM.

THE residence of wisdom is said by one of the ancients to be in dry regions, not in bogs and fens. If the temperature of climate and soil have a great effect upon the mind, that of the body must needs have a far greater; and he who, by drenching himself continually with liquor, puts his body into the state of Holland, must expect to have the genius of a Dutchman for his pains.

UNANIMITY.

The smallest creatures *acting in concert* have great power. The African ants sometimes set forward in such multitudes, that the whole earth seems to be in motion. A corps of them attacked and covered an elephant quietly feeding in a pasture. In eight hours, nothing was to be seen on the spot but the skeleton of that enormous animal, neatly and completely picked. The business was done, and the enemy marched on after fresh prey.

THERE is something extremely flattering to a generous mind, in the idea of administering relief to another's pains, to "explain the thought; *explore the asking eye.*" What a delightful employment! and, when crowned with success, by a recovery of our patient, we are conscious of an *exultation* of mind, which can *only* arise from the certainty of having done what nature claims, charity enjoins, and heaven approves.

A lady having sent a very costly silk gown to be dyed, the dyer very politely carried it home himself, that he might be certain of its being conveyed with care. It so happened the lady's husband opened the door to him, and being a very proud man, vexed at having condescended to open the door to a *low tradesman*, asked very angrily what he had in his hand, and whom it was for? "Sir," replied the man, "it is a parcel for the lady of the house." "What for my wife!" answered the gentleman, "what can you have for my wife?" "Sir," rejoined the man, trembling, "*I dye for your wife.*" "My wife!" "Yes, Sir, I dye for your wife and her two sisters." "You impudent dog," exclaimed the gentleman, in a violent passion, "do dare to tell me so to my face. Come, some of you, (calling to his servants) and kick this presumptuous and ignorant blockhead out of the

house." They were proceeding to put his commands in execution, when the lady luckily came down stairs, (hearing a noise) and not only rescued her gown from the damage it might have sustained in the scuffle, but also the poor man, who for many years had actually *dyed for her whole family.*

A Frenchman, being in company at a tea-drinking party, did not observe that it was customary to put the spoon into the tea-cup when any body had drank enough; and the mistress of the house imagined he was fond of tea, by the omission, sent him cup after cup, till he had drank above a dozen dishes of tea, which he, with the politeness so peculiar to his countrymen, could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach with more, he rose, and exclaimed, 'Helas! Madame, j'ai bu quatorze, et je n'en puis pius.'

Q. What is that which, when brought to table, is *always cut*, but never eaten?
A. A pack of cards.

'The first step is the only difficulty,' is an old proverb. It was oddly applied by a lady. But hearing a canon in company declare, 'That Saint Pat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand;' and added, with emphasis, 'Yes, two entire leagues.' "I do not doubt it," she replied: "On such occasions, the first step is the only difficulty."

Selected for the Emerald.

AMARYLLIS.

I THINK the world very beautiful, said the youthful Amaryllis to a reflexion of her mother's that was produced by experience and sorrow—but Amaryllis was young, and her world did not extend beyond the village in which she was born; she was in the vernal season of life, when happiness wreathes its simplest flowers round the brows of innocence; her ears were only accustomed to the soft voice of affection, and her mind, like the violets of her native valley, had expanded in the shade. She was candid, for she was a stranger to the passions that give birth to concealment—simple in her taste, for she had never seen any thing more splendid than a bandeau of wild flowers. The smile of ingeniousness played on her face, yet, she was not beautiful, her charms were those of simplicity, and her graces those of youth. The only sorrow that had assailed her bosom was when the closing year had caused her favourite plants to droop; but it was quickly moved by the happy facility with which youthful minds efface all impressions but those of joy.—At the return of spring she shed the sweetest tears of gratitude and pleasure because nature was revived. Her religion was that of the heart, but it was pure; and her offerings to the throne of mercy were the hymn of thankfulness, and the gay song of content. She knew not the artificial manners that are taught by the world; her politeness was that of sensibility, which made her recoil at giving pain; her companions were the villagers, whom she attracted round her by the charms of kindness; when she danced it was with the light step of a fairy, yet she knew no rule but the instinctive one of natural grace. Her partner was a young exile (who had been driven by misfortune with his family to the remote village in which she resided;) and their hearts prompt as their feet, bounded with innocence and gaiety;—her manners with him had no tincture of reserve, for her breast contained not a thought that she would have blushed to reveal;—between the dances she told him all the occurrences of the day; for

the flower of love was implanted in her bosom, and with enchanting simplicity she bestowed on him its first bud. In their walks they sported innocently along, gilding to-morrow, with tints more beautiful than to-day—every desire was fulfilled by hope, and the perspective of futurity presented to them an endless train of innocent pleasures which they enjoyed by anticipation. Happy facility of enjoyment! Pleasures drawn by the fancy are seldom realized, but fate allows us to be cheated by the delusions they promise, whilst they fly from our embraces. —Thus passed the morning of life with these children of nature; they nourished simplicity, ignorant of the sorrows it prepares for its victims.—The parents of the young emigrant were noble; misfortune had persecuted, but could not triumph over them; they cherished in adversity the animating idea that they should once more revisit their native country, again be surrounded by the splendor that so much adorn the exteriors of life. Their son was now eighteen, and had passed many years in retirement; he listened with raptures to the recital of the former greatness of his family; but the idea of Amaryllis was always mingled with it; he forgot her plebian birth, and his own fallen state when he met her; and if he imparted to her his griefs, she participated with him so truly, that she received them into her bosom and deprived him of their sting.—Amiable sensibility of unsophisticated hearts! Why are you doomed to wither in the cold region of disappointment. The first real sorrow that ever visited the peace of Amaryllis was now approaching.—The exile was recalled to his country. Agitated by contending emotions he ran to Amaryllis to inform her of the new turn fate was on the point of giving to his destiny, and sketched with the warm colouring of youth the perspective of futurity;—for to part from her had never occurred to him, he had no idea his parents would separate those whom affection had so firmly united;—she wept, but they were tears of joy at the brilliant prospect that was opening to her view. Alas! they were succeeded by those of sorrow, of anguish, when she discovered that her lover had been constrained to leave her, that his parents, cruel as the chill blast that nips the tender buds of spring, had forced him from her without one adieu!—without uttering to her one word of comfort.—Ah! who can paint her agony; she lives, and her companions weep over her, for they imagine her insane; they have not yet learnt to know that it is possible to feel strongly and yet be rational;—a hundred times a day she utters his name—a hundred times she fancied he would return, and hope, in pity to her distress, throws her enchanting veil over the sad realities that oppress her. Now she reposes on the strength of his affection, as on her guardian angel, then the certainty that he is absent rushes on her mind with all its force, and leaves her a prey to regret, to misery and all its sad train of attendants.

Children of sensibility, to you I address her tale, to you I appeal; condemn not feelings for which she is accountable even to herself. That Being who gave a deeper tint to the rose than the lily protects them alike from the chill blast; he does not reproach the drooping flower, if oppressed by dew, it refuses to be revived by the fervor of the noon day sun—then how much more will he cherish the human heart more sensitive than the plant that recoils at the slightest touch.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

M. Monges, one of the most celebrated men of the present day, and who has risen from obscurity to be one of the principal members of the Institute, has inserted a "Memoir on the Harangues ascribed to Orators by ancient Authors, and on the Means supposed to have been recurred to by the Actors, for the purpose of being heard by the more distant Spectators." The author here treats with contempt the supposed intervention of mechanical aids to assist the human voice. He maintains, by a reference to facts, that it was capable of itself to fill the theatres of the ancients; and he quotes authorities to prove, that it was customary to assemble the people there whenever an oration was to be delivered.

In "*Demetrius the Imposter*," we have the first attempt, we believe, that has ever been made to present a translation from a Russian tragedy. It was originally written by Alexander Soumarokove, the father of the Russian theatre, and has been skilfully translated by a Russian gentleman.

Mr. Manners' "*Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds*," a tragedy, had its foundation in Mrs. Radcliffe's novel of "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne;" the story turning on the feuds of two families in the north of Scotland, in the feudal times. It has merit, and certainly may be ranked above the generality of modern dramas.

Among the "*Oddities and Outlines*, by E. M. we found but few that pleased us. One of the best, and which will answer either character, we quote:

"Behind the Thuilleries is the superb *Place de la Revolution;* or, as it is now called, *Place de la Concorde;* in the centre of which Louis the XVIth suffered death. On this spot once stood a statue of Louis XV.; lately in its room, a statue of Liberty; and when I saw it, in lieu of both was seated an old woman, who sold apples and chesnuts."

M. Ducis, a bard of some note in Paris, has presented the Institute with a charming little poem, entitled, "Solitude and Love."

The Abbé Sicard the celebrated preceptor of the deaf and dumb, has proposed a new theory of conjunctions, by means of which he endeavours to simplify this subject. He has also presented a sketch of theLife of the late M. de Wailly.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

Dedicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores.

An establishment has long been wanted in this town, that should be a cabinet for what was curious, and a depository for what was rare. This is now supplied by The Boston Athenæum, in a style, which bids fair to exceed the expectations of enthusiasm. The "Memoir" published explains the object and plan, of which not the highest recommendation is the fact, that $40,000 have been subscribed to prosper the institution. This reflects equal honour on the enterprize of its projectors and the munificence of its patrons. The acorn, out of which grew this oak, was "The Anthology Reading Room:" and though thus small be the radical principle, the plant is of such rapid growth, that under the shadow of its branches the people of the State will soon find *otium cum dignitate, elegance* and ease.

It is with pleasure and pride we commend this institution to public notice and favour. So illustrious are its advocates, we can advance nothing new. When such men sound the clarion, who can swell the note of praise? still we feel impelled to this effort from sense of duty. The same moment that made "man a living soul," bound him to the improvement of his rational nature. Talents and the obligations to cultivate them, were inhaled at the same, divine inspiration. There is to literature a natural allegiance, that can never be dissolved and is paramount all other obligations. We feel its binding force and are happy at all times to acknowledge it, by invariably and ardently encouraging and supporting, as far as we are able, every enterprize, that may tend to give extension to science, elegance to literature, and refinement to taste. Satisfied that such is the exclusive tendency of this institution, we say to it, in the words of Tully, "Perge quo cæpisti!" It tends to add liberality to mind and accomplishment to person; to make scholars gentlemen and gentlemen scholars. "Exornet ætatis nostræ gloriam!"

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

ODE.

What are the gifts of gaudy gain,
Which tempt a thought the boistrous main?
And what the charm ambition shows,
That drive us mid a host of foes.

Bold is the heart that quits, for these,
The paths of pleasure and of ease;
But bolder he who dare deride
The gift of gain the charms of pride.

LEANDER.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

To a Lady, on her singing and playing.

Sweet music can at once control
The warv'ring passions of the soul;
Join'd to the female voice, is found
The conscious world subdued by sound.

What transports in my bosom move
When Betsey strikes the note of love!
But with her voice, how chang'd my joy!
The syren sings but to destroy. B.

IMITATION.

HOR. ODE VIII. LIB. 2.

"*Ulla si juris tibi perjerati*
"*Pœna, Barine*, &c. &c."

Yes, would the Gods, with vengeance due,
Thy vainly-plighted faith pursue,
Again I might thy oaths believe,
And, once more trusted, thou deceive.

Could Falsehood rob thee of one grace,
Or oaths plant wrinkles in thy face;
Could Heav'n thy forfeit pledges seek,
Or bleach thy hair, or scar thy cheek.

But, no! derided Gods forbear
To scar thy cheek, or bleach thy hair;
And thou, by some peculiar doom,
More fair, as more forsworn, become!

Proceed, too beauteous to be true,
Thy vows still break, and still renew!
In peerless charms while thus you shine,
This bright prerogative is thine.

Let pedants, with their saws uncouth,
And vulgar charms, delight, in truth,
'Tis to thy brighter beauty due,
A very debtt—. ruobeeunt

THE EVENING WALK.

Written by the late Thomas Dermody, in the twelfth Year of his Age.

Now breathes along the vale a keener breeze,
Now smokes the chimney bosom'd in the trees,
The frugal rush-light thro' the lattice gleams,
And twilight chequers on the dusky streams;
While, lonely, o'er the furrow'd plain I roam,
And seek, behind yon hill, my little home,
Where dimpled love upbraids my lingering stay,
And childhood fears my devious foot astray—
How solitary sweet thy beauties, Eve,
When noise and sport the darkling landscape leave;
Thy tender, temperate glow of soften'd day,
Thy gleams that melt in blushing tints away,
Meek hand-maid of the Sun, thy charms I woo,
And 'mid thy glooms the soul of Wisdom view—
Whose shadowy hand directs to Musing's cell,
Where Peace retir'd, and hermit Silence dwell,
Lulling to rest Reflexion's aching head,
From worldly revels, worldly torments fled!
The bleating fold, the shepherd's distant song,
Loud carol'd round his hearth to rustic throng;
The lover's flute in mellower cadence fade,
And call a gentler echo from the shade;
While shelter'd safely from the dewy sky,
Rock'd in their leafy beds, the plumy people lie,
Now mad Debauch thro' tow'ring cities goes,
Startling the labour'd artist's short repose,
And Pride's bright torches, flashing thro' the air,
Like meteors sparkle in the stately square;
Nor heeds full Pride the pallid groupes that lie
Discarded, and shrinking from the curious eye,
Tho' at the dawn grim Death himself may come,
And hurry from the palace to the tomb.
Precarious pomp! how insolently frail

To the poor pleasures of my native vale,
Where Vice, nor grim Remorse can
dare to spring, [sting:
Nor guileless Plenty feel Oppression's
Happy the hamlet round, no ruffian voice
Unseals the slumb'ring lid, with ruder
noise, [fleeting beam
Save when the watch-dog bays the
Of the moon, glimm'ring in the stilly
stream:
Or, herald of the morn, the shrill cock
crows,
Or, at the gate, the early heifer lows!
For them approaches night, a source of
care,
To aid the poison'd bait, the murd'rous
snare:
For us, when clouds the misty meadows
sweep,
She only brings the balmy boon--of sleep,
Calm-vision'd sleep, that can at once
control
The languid body, and the restles soul!

THE ROSE,

From the French of Bertrand.

RIVAL of the bright Aurora,
Whom gay Zephyr seeks to wed;
Empress of the realms of Flora,
Haste, your ruby honours spread!

Ah, no! still yet defer your blooming,
Still yet defer your balmy breath:
The moment that, the air perfuming,
You blow, you hasten but your death.

Like you, LAURA is a flower,
Which must the same law obey:
Like you, she flourishes an hour,
The next, like you, must fade away.

From your thorny stalk descending,
Haste, your colours bright prepare;
You well deserve, your perfume lending,
O ROSE! a happier lot to bear.

Blow, on LAURA's breast reclining,
Your envied throne and grave in turn;
I, jealous at your lot, repining,
Admire, and with vain fires burn.

You'll see with sighs compassion move
her
From the bed on which you lie,
If, in pity to her lover,
LAURA ever heaves a sigh!

Love shall shew, the maid attending,
Where to spread thy leafy pride;
Her beauties thus with yours befriending,
You'll still adorn, but nothing hide.

If any hand, too rashly daring,
Presumes your quiet to invade:
Your utmost vengeance then preparing,
Raise your thorns, and guard the
maid!

THE VILLAGE SUNDAY EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the chorus of the village
throng
That rises slowly on the list'ning ear;
Unskill'd the notes that swell the sacred
song,
How artless those! the accents how
sincere!
The rustic swain now wiles, in thought-
less stray,
The vacant hour, a well-spent week
may claim,
Till rous'd as near the stone he bends
his way,
Recording a lamented comrade's name,
He turns aside, and at the crowded style
He joins the praises of the much-lov'd
youth; [smile,
His virtues call from all the approving
Though sorrow's tears confirm the
welcome truth,
The grateful tribute to departed worth
Transcends the fairest monument on
earth.

CHARADE.

FLEETING movement; tardy measure;
How uncertain is thy pace,
Flying in the hours of *Pleasure*,
Bounded by no earthly space!

Dragging on, with leaden motion,
When with *Sorrow's* weight oppress
Or when sailing o'er the Ocean,
Calms annoy each anxious breast.

Such my First is; but my Second
I can not so easy tell;
Tis a fine Performance reckon'd,
Or a Patch that's put on well.

Now my Whole makes its appearance
Warning us of Life's decay,
Yet, in spite of interference,
Days, and Hours, will fleet away.

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